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with vinegar, or whisky, or salt and water; it might smart a little at first, to be sure, and make him grin and roar somewhat, but it would be well in no time! But in the midst of his badinage, Miss O'Brien missed her parasol, and he was obliged to run back to the drawing-room to look for it.

As soon as he had disappeared within the hall door, O'Gorman sprang to his feet, and, drawing the parasol from the breast of his coat, tendered it, and his arm, to the young lady, saying, with the greatest exultation, "Hoaxed, by jingo! alas! poor Sweeny. Come, Miss Kate, your brother is so taken up with Miss O'Donnell, that he can't attend to any thing, or any body. Never mind your mother; she can't bawl out at us, you know; and if she attempted to scold, she'd be voted out. I've got Sharpe's gig—come, jump up, and we'll have such a day! Oh! but haven't I done them all brown! Hurrah for Howth, and the sky over it! Oh! you little darling," added he, restraining himself with considerable difficulty from giving her a hug and a kiss, as she laughingly complied with his invitation, and seated herself with him in the gig, just as Sweeny returned, protesting himself unable to find the parasol, "oh, it got tired waiting for you, and came of itself. But I say, Sweeny, capital receipt that of yours for sore shins; quite cured mine in a moment—first application. Hollo! here, you will probably want a pocket handkerchief during the day; I'll lend you one;" and Bob threw him his own. "I picked his pocket in the drawing-room," said he, turning to his delighted companion; "I was determined that he should go back for something; and here's yours, which I secured also. Now, then, if we follow those rumbling machines, we shall be smothered with dust, so we had better show them the way." Chick, chick—and poor Mrs O'Brien could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw her daughter whirl past her in a gig with one of the most incorrigible scapegraces in the University.

He took good care that they should not be recalled, for he was out of sight in a twinkling; nor did the party get a view of him again until they had passed Clontarf, when they found him walking the horse quietly, in order that they might overtake him.

But I must postpone detailing the subsequent events of that memorable day until the next number, having already occupied more than my share of space. NAISI.

## SUMMER FLOWERS,

### A CITIZEN'S LAMENT,

Away with summer flow'rs,

Twine not the wreath for me,

Unbind the myrtle from the rose,

And pansy, emblem of repose,

Far let them scattered be;

The best, the loveliest, let them part,

Their very sweetness breaks my heart.

Away with summer flow'rs,

Let sunshine cease to glow,

Bring back the days of sombre hue,

And heav'n without a glimpse of blue,

And earth in vest of snow.

Then weave the green perfum'd bough

In fadeless verdure for my brow.

To see the length'ning days,

To feel the glowing hours,

As step by step, the smiling spring

Steals on her bright and glorious wing,

And strews our path with flow'rs;

This may be joy, but me it sends

Warnings of banishment to friends.

Soon as the rose's bloom

Breaks up the social tie,

And those whom winter gather'd round

The cheering hearth, no more are found,

But east and west they fly;

Some roam the mountain, some the deep,

But, ah! leave those at home to weep.

'Midst winter's sullen blast,

How many a friendly band

Cheered the dark moments as they passed,

And bid me think they fled too fast

While circled hand in hand;

But summer breaks the charming spell,

And makes me feel, I lov'd too well!

Now, 'midst the fairest glow,

The scene with clouds is drear,

And empty mansions crowd the street,

No hand to beckon, eye to greet,

Or friendly voice to cheer;

The colony of love is shaken,

And summer leaves our hall forsaken!

Away, then, summer flowers!

Thou glowing rose, away!

Come let me wreath the gloomy bowers

With cypress bathed in stormy showers,

Where sunbeams never stray;

But let the flow'r of snowy crest

Impart its chillness to my breast.

## EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMEN.

EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMEN! Pray, who are they? Why, they are rather a curious class of persons. But if you are in the habit of noting character, we rather think you must know them. They are to be seen in every city, and almost in every town.

The equivocal gentleman has, in general manner and bearing, and, as far as a very limited exchequer will allow, in dress also, a curious smack of the real gentleman about him, of whom he is, altogether, a sort of amusing caricature. His pretensions are high, very high, and, conscious of the doubtfulness of his claims, always noisy and obtrusive. He endeavours to bully the world into respect for him. But it won't do. When he turns his back, the world winks one of its eyes, and says, with a knowing smile, "that's a queer sort of chap." It doesn't, in fact, know what to make of him—how to class him. It has, however, a pretty good notion that, with all the equivocal gentleman's pretension, he has by no means an unlimited command of the circulating medium.

And this is not an incorrect notion. Scarcity of funds is, in truth, at the bottom of all the equivocal gentleman's difficulties, as, indeed, it is of almost all those of every body else. He, however, may be emphatically said to be born of a warfare between his poverty and "gentility."

It is, of course, in the matter of dress that the equivocal gentleman is most anxious to establish his claim to be considered a genuine article; and it is in this matter, too, that his peculiar position in the world is made most manifest; dress being in his particular case, as it is less or more in all others, a strongly marked and faithful expression of character.

The struggle here, then, to keep matters right, is dreadful. None but himself knows how dreadful—none but himself knows the thousand shifts and expedients he is compelled to have recourse to, to maintain appearances in this most important and most troublesome department.

First, of the hat. It is a merciless and unfeeling hat; for it is obstinately hastening to decay, though it well knows that its sorely perplexed owner does not know where on earth to get another. See what a watching and tending it requires to keep it from becoming absolutely unfit for the public eye, as the headpiece of a gentleman! Why, the watching and tending of a new-born infant is nothing to it.

Consider how carefully it must be examined round and round every morning, that no new outward symptom of decay has made itself manifest. Consider the brushing, the smoothing down, the inking of corners and rims, the coaxing and wheedling, by softly squeezing it this way, and gently pulling it that, to induce it to keep as near as possible to its original shape. Nay, desperate attempts may sometimes be detected to make it assume yet a smarter form, in defiance of decay and dilapidation.

Then, there is the stock. Stitching and inking again, with careful daily supervision. Then there is— But we need enlarge no further on this part of our subject.

But, mark, reader! every thing about the equivocal gentleman is not in this state of seediness. He would not be the equivocal gentleman at all, if this were the case. Some of the particulars of his outward man are good—in fact, stylish—and it is this incongruity that makes him out, that makes him what he is, and which so much puzzles you to class him when you see him.

The equivocal gentleman always manages to have one or two of the component parts of his dress of unimpeachable quality, but never can manage to have the whole in this palmy state. There is always something wrong—something below

par; and, we may add, generally something outré, absurd, or extravagant. Perfect consistency and propriety in dress he never can attain, and perhaps would not, if he could; for one of the most marked features of his character is a craving after singularity, in the art and fashion of his habiliments.

Overlooking himself what partial deficiencies there may be in this department of his entire man, and thinking that the world will overlook them too, the equivocal gentleman affects the "bang up." He is not content with desiring to impress beholders with the idea of his being merely a respectable sort of person: he desires much more than this. They must take him, if not certainly for a lord, at least for some great personage—for a—a—he does not himself, in fact, well know what—for a mysterious, indeterminate somebody, of mysterious and indeterminate consequence.

There are two or three points in which the equivocal gentleman displays a very remarkable degree of ingenuity. One of these consists in the dexterity with which he not only conceals defects of dress, but converts them into positive elegancies. Thus, if he have to button up for want of a clean shirt, he contrives, by the very smart way in which he does it, to make it appear not only to be matter of mere choice or fancy, but, in fact, by much the genteeler thing.

But it is in the enacting of character that the equivocal gentleman particularly shines.

Not having either the cash or the credit necessary to enable him to adapt his dress to his identity, he is compelled to adapt his identity to his dress. In other words, placing, for the reason alluded to, little or no influence over the shape, fashion, or quality of his clothes, but being obliged to conform to circumstances in this matter to a most unpleasant extent—to wear, in short, whatever he can most conveniently get—he is driven to the expedient of adapting his character to the particular description of dress he may be wearing at the time. Thus, if it is a short coat, he probably enacts the country gentleman, or sporting character; if a braided surtout, then he is a military man; if he is driven to hide the deficiencies of his other garments by a cloak, he adds a cloth cap with tassels, frizzles up his whiskers, and comes forth a Polish count; and so on of other varieties of dress.

In person the equivocal gentleman is stout and robust, his age somewhere about forty. He is bushy-whiskered, and affects a swaggering, bold, off-hand manner, talks large to waiters, and looks with edifying ferocity on every body.

This rabidness of disposition on the part of the equivocal gentleman proceeds partly from his habit of attempting to bully the world into a high opinion of his consequence, and partly from the irritation produced by a constant dread that the world suspects the true state of his case. It is thus partly affected, partly real.

Being always miserably short of funds, the equivocal gentleman is necessarily much circumscribed in his enjoyments; and this is particularly unfortunate, for he has a very keen relish for the good things of this life. He likes good living, good drinking, good every thing; but cruel fate has denied them to him, except in very limited quantities, and on very rare occasions. If he even gets them at all, it is by mere chance, mere casual accident. Occasionally it is by an effort of ingenuity, through which he has contrived, by some mysterious means or other, to get possession of a little of the circulating medium.

And pray, then, what is the equivocal gentleman? What is he in reality, and what does he do? How does he support himself? Why, friend, these questions are a vast deal easier put than answered.

Just now, the equivocal gentleman is doing nothing—literally and absolutely nothing. He was something or other at one time; but at this moment, and for many years past, he has pursued no calling whatever. The equivocal gentleman, in short, is a gentleman of shifts and expedients. He has a little world of his own, in which he manœuvres for a living. Being rather respectably connected, his friends occasionally remit him small sums, and these god-sends, few and far between, and his own ingenuity, are all he has to depend upon.

The equivocal gentleman, notwithstanding the dashy appearance he aims at, and the large style in which he speaks, is, we are sorry to say it, a bit of a rogue in grain, and a good deal of one in practice: he is, in short, somewhat of a scamp, partly from circumstances, and partly from the natural bent of his genius, which is ever urging him to take the shortest cuts towards the objects he desires to possess. He is, in truth, a sort of human bird of prey; tailors, bootmakers,

and lodging-house keepers, being his favourite quarries, and the class who, therefore, suffer most from his non-paying propensities. On one or other of these he is ever and anon pouncing, and woe be to them if he once gets them within his clutches: he will leave his mark, be sure, if he does.

The tailor, the bootmaker, and the lodging-house keeper, again, knowing that he is their natural enemy—and as well do they know him for this, as the small bird does the hawk—stand in great awe of him; they have an instinctive dread of him, and put themselves in a posture of defence the moment they see him.

Our equivocal gentleman, in truth, lives in a constant state of warfare similar to this with the whole world—not open hostility, perhaps, but lurking, secret aversion. The world looks shyly and doubtfully on him, and he looks fiercely and angrily on the world in return.

Amongst the two or three little foibles by which the equivocal gentleman is distinguished, is a rather urgent propensity to strong drink. He is, in fact, pretty considerably dissipated, as the florid or brick-red face on which his luxuriant whiskers vegetate, but too plainly indicates. He is not, indeed, always drunk; for his very limited command of means keeps him, on the whole, pretty sober; but he gets drunk when he can, and no gentleman can do more, nor can more be reasonably expected of him.

The equivocal gentleman is a man of refined tastes, and hence it is that he patronizes the drama. He is a great playgoer. On such occasions he figures in the sixpenny gallery; and here he has a difficult part to play, as difficult as any on the stage. He has to make it appear to the gods, who wonder to see so fine a gentleman amongst them, *why* he has come to such a place, and at the same time to parry the very natural conclusion, that it proceeds from a limited exchequer, which he must on no account permit to be presumed for a moment.

The way he manages this very ticklish point is this:—he assumes a look at once dignified and supercilious, which look is meant to impress you with the belief that his being in the shilling gallery, which he generally enters at the half-price, is a mere freak, a whim of one who could have gone to the boxes had he chosen—that he has come where he is, just to see what sort of a place it is, what effect the actors and the scenery have when seen from such a distance.

To confirm this impression, the equivocal gentleman never sits down in the gallery: this would look like premeditated economy. He stands, therefore, during the whole time of the performance, and stands aloof, too, from the ragamuffin audience, with his arms folded on his breast, and an expression of awful majesty on his brow.

Reader, do you know the equivocal gentleman now? We are sure you do. That's he there! see—that odd-looking personage with the battered drab hat, the flashy surtout, the shabby stock, the fashionable vest crossed by a German silver chain, the questionable small-clothes, and the large patch on his left boot.

## IRISH PROVERBS.

THE proverbs and moral sayings of a nation have always been considered to possess a remarkable interest, not only on account of the practical wisdom embodied in them, but for the insight which to a great extent they afford into the peculiar character and habits of thought of the people to whom they belong. Wisdom, it is true, is essentially the same in all countries, but the expression of it must vary according to the temperament and modes of thinking which are found to characterise the people of different nations; and hence the proverbs of every people have been deemed worthy of preservation, as well for purposes of comparison as for their own intrinsic value. If, however, there be any nation the proverbs of which remain almost wholly unknown to the people of the British islands generally, it is the Irish, of whose popular sayings no specimens have ever been given in an English dress, except a collection of about eighty, which were contributed to the first volume of the *Dublin Penny Journal* by our able and estimable friend Mr O'Donovan, who well observes, that "a perfect list of the proverbs of any people is, as it were, an index to the national character, or the elements of the moral notions, customs, and manners of a people." A vast body of such characteristic popular wisdom still remains hidden in the obscurity of its original vernacular form, and we trust that we shall render our readers an acceptable service in present-